

New-York, Nov. 22, 1836.

My dear Wife:

95 You are safely in Providence, I trust, with our dear pledge of love, little "Doddie Tomfit." <sup>Not</sup> Having heard, and not expecting to hear, any thing from you until my return, I feel anxious to know (and particularly because I cannot know) how you were enabled to bear your much dreaded trip back to Providence. The Ladies' Babin, I suppose, was crowded full; but I hope you had better companions than those who accompanied you hither. I forgot to tell you, when I left you, that Ray Potter kindly said he hoped you ~~would~~ call upon him if he could be of any service to you.

It is still my purpose, the Lord willing, to be with you on Saturday morning; but I shall find it extremely difficult to leave, and, on some accounts, shall be reluctant to leave; for the Convention is not to be dissolved until some time next week, and there are many great themes yet to be discussed and illustrated. However, I am of no real service here, and can be spared without any detriment to our cause, although it is the earnest wish of all that I should remain until all the deliberations are finished. So occupied am I with our multiplied duties and meetings, that I can hardly find time comfortably to eat my meals; and as for preparing any thing for the Liberator here, it is entirely out of the question. I have just written to tell him so - that is, friend Knapp.

Last evening, we had a large and crowded meeting of our colored people, with many of our leading abolitionists. Several of the former addressed the meeting, in a very interesting ~~and~~ manner. I was then called upon to make some remarks, and was received with grateful applause. I spoke about half an hour, and was followed by Weld, who delighted and moved all hearts. Seldom have I witnessed a more thrilling scene. Our hearts were one, and love reigned over all.



My bottle of Panacea will be exhausted to-day. — I know not whether I shall try to find any in this city; nor can I yet say, whether the Panacea will prove such in my case. It has done me no harm, I am sure. Since you left, I have been tolerably well; but the scrofula is settling more in my throat. It is now in a large lump, and somewhat malignant.

Our Convention has unanimously invited the Grimké's, Angelina and Sarah, (who punctually attend our meetings,) to speak whenever they think proper, and to state such facts respecting slavery as they may choose. Sarah has just said, that, although brought up in the midst of slavery, and having conversed with hundreds of well-treated slaves, she has never found one who did not long to be free.

I long to hear from dear bro. Henry — hope he is still improving in health. Wm. Chace is here, attending upon the Convention, and taking minutes. I believe he does not think of returning until next week.

I am in great haste. Love to Henry, Charlotte, and family, and to bro. George. Kiss the dear babe frequently for me, and peace and joy and health be with you both.

Most affectionately yours,  
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.



... of ...  
... to ...  
... of ...  
... to ...  
... of ...  
... to ...

... of ...  
... to ...  
... of ...  
... to ...  
... of ...  
... to ...

[Redacted section]

... of ...  
... to ...  
... of ...  
... to ...  
... of ...  
... to ...



*Raid*

*Single Paid.*

**PAY**

*Mrs. Helen E. Garrison,*

*Providence,*

*R. I.*

